

THE CUP OF CIVILIZATION

BY

RAY LEWIS

Henry Thomas
to

Dr. Watson & Mrs.
Watson

from

Ray Lewis (Levinchy)

THE CUP OF CIVILIZATION

From

"SONGS OF THE UNIVERSE"

By Ray Lewis

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The Cup of Civilization

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War! War! War!
Now shall we taste hot blood
Poured into the Self-deluded Cup of Civilization.

War! War! War!
For men of able bodies
And clear minds
Play at a game
Where life is made the stakes.

War, which breaks the Ten Commandments;
War, which leaves the nation a legacy
Of maimed men, beggars, widows, orphans;
War, the Arch-Disorganizer of the home;
War, which sweeps through the land
Like a Destroying Angel
Slaying all the First-born;
War, which hurls us back
To the savagery of barbarism
And proves conclusively
That Reason is still an Infant
Upon whose guidance
We place no dependence.

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In the Cave-age,
When man grieved man,
They came to blows
And he, who obtained
The first throat-clutch,
Choked out the life
Of the other.

To talk their grievance over,
To reason on a give and take basis
Was beyond their knowledge;
The mind had not evolved
To that degree.
To-day we split the finest hairs
On Birth, Growth and Death.
'Till each of us salaams and murmurs,
"My brother, you are right;
Friends let us be,
Although we move in opposites."

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All systems of philosophy
Give rise to an opposing thought—
Is not a question which involves
The life of a nation
One which has to do with reason's power for decision?
Shall we forget our mental growth
And look upon an opposite thought
As an enemy?
Shall we give no opportunity for defense,
But, like in Stony Ages,
Secretly attack
And hurl to death?

War is the Hound of Woe
Whose incessant howling
Turns men deaf or mad;
Whose open jaws
And blood-stained lips
Must forever be filled
With bleeding victims.
War sits like Cerberus
At the Gates of Hell
Welcoming the passing throng.
Heed not this wily deceiver
Who opens wide the portals
To the music of the fife and drum;
'Tis but to drown out the cries of ravaged women,
The wails of infants tugging at dead breasts,
The moaning of the dying left alone at night
Upon the Battlefield,
The blood-curdling shrieks of disembodied spirits
Seeking for their bodies,
Not knowing yet that they are dead.

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Over the Waters of Night
Charon comes in his boat;
Upon the prow
Grins the Death-head
And picking out our strongest men
From whom the Soul of Good Judgment
Has momentarily departed,
Leaving them living yet dead,
He steers them to the Scene of War
Centered in the Heart of Hell.
Here man kills man without reason,
Even without Passion's Excuse
And Pluto, gathering up their souls,
Builds for himself
A greater Kingdom of Darkness.

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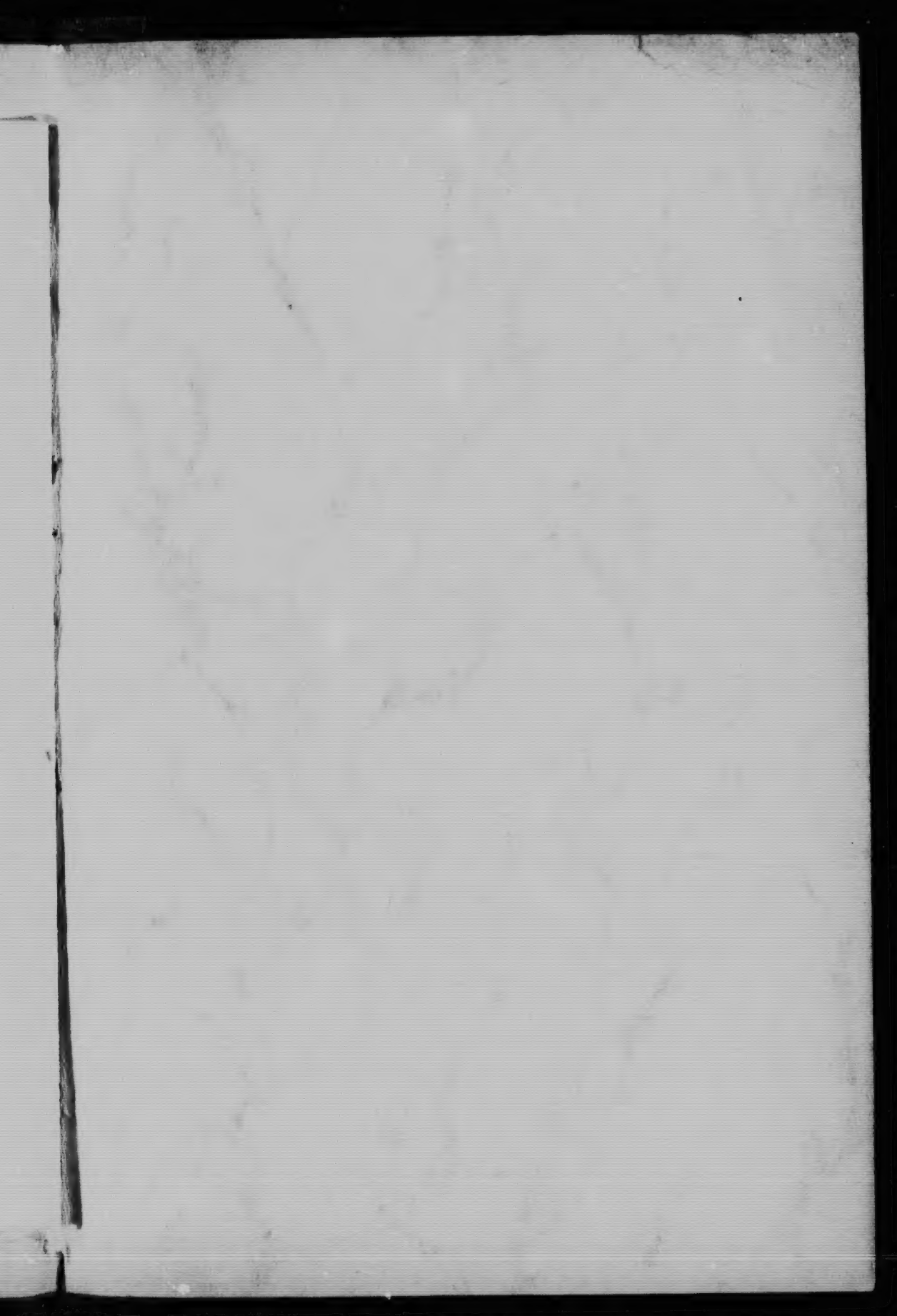
Look! look! beyond, beyond;
The heaped up bodies of the dead
Being burnt
To kill the pestilence
Of stinking flesh.
Look! look! beyond, beyond;
The trench into which is thrown
A huddled mass
With staring eyes,
Swollen lips,
Shattered arms—
Arms that once enfolded us,
Lips that yesterday we kissed;
Husband, child, lover;
Each vein of our beloved one
We treasured;
And strove ever to guard
With jealous care
That body from all harm.
War makes of men
Clods of earth
And uses them
To stuff the gaping wounds
Which cannons tear in nature.

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Oh, shall there never be an end of war!
Shall we, created in the Image of The Lord,
Forget our destiny
And tear and tear and tear
The precious Fabric of Creation?
Shall Lucifer indeed laugh
In the Face of God and say,
"Thou badest me to instruct the angels
To descend within the Form of Man
And I disobeyed;
Was I not right?
See how they rend each other's flesh—
The flesh that Thou didst build
Out of Thine Infinite Love
And with Thine Infinite Care.
Wouldst Thou redeem these forms
Made murderous by Man,
Place them amongst Thy Chosen Ones
Who give Thee praise
And know not disobedience?
Dear Lord, uplift me from mine fallen state,
They are not worthy that Lucifer,
Who was one of Thy Mightest Servants,
Should be so punished."

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And the Lord said,
"Be still; be still;
Banished from Mine Glory
Shalt thou remain, Oh Lucifer,
Until War shall cease
And all forms return
Through Peace and Love
Into My Bosom.
Be still; be still;
I gave them birth,
I, The God of Gods.
I love Man more than all Mine Angels
When he shows righteousness;
For My Heavenly Children
Have not known temptation.
I have said,
'Not one shall be lost!
For they who are Destroyers
Shall gather up the Broken Particles
Of Many Worlds
And set them whole before Me.' "
And Lucifer drew his cloak over his face
That he might not perish
In That Great Light
And turning from The Throne of Compassion
He cried, "Oh, Man! Man! Man!
When will you cease to add
The Fuel of War to my Fires;
Oh Peace! Peace! Peace!
Even I, Lucifer,
Am weary of Hell."



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